

one another only by our Christian kindness in killing them; and that everyone who wished to give these poor devils a show is a "copperhead" and a "traitor?"

In the August "Den" were printed some of Dewey's official words to the secretary of the navy. Here follows the pith of what he says to the London Daily News:

"I know the Filipinos intimately, and they know I am their friend. * * *

The Filipinos are capable of governing themselves; they have all qualifications for it. * * * I have never been in favor of violence towards the Filipinos. The islands are at this moment blockaded by a fleet, and war reigns in the interior. This abnormal state of affairs should cease. * * * I should like to see autonomy first conceded; and then annexation might be talked about. I should like to see violence at once put a stop to. According to my view, the concession of self-government ought to be the most just and the most logical solution."

Can this be the real reason why Cousin George is coming home? And do you see the administration papers printing his words? Not much! The readers who are so unlucky as to read nothing else do not dream of the size nor the authority of the opposition to the war. As someone has well said: "An 'organ' is valuable to an administration not for what it prints but for what it leaves out."

Meantime the American people are not borrowing any trouble about George Dewey's sanity. They love him and believe in him. He may think with or against the administration—or us—as he will; he has quite as much chance to know the islands as President McKinley has, and we have as strict confidence in his honesty. It would be natural for a war hero—its greatest hero—to believe in the war. If Dewey doesn't, so much the worse for the stay-at-homes who do. —Chas. F. Lummis in October Land of Sunshine.

TIMES HAVE CHANGED.

If Bryan is again nominated and the old issue of the sixteen-to-one coinage of silver is thus again made the keynote of the campaign, the silver men and their leader will have a very different situation to face from that which confronted them with such pleasing assurances of victory in 1896. The country was then deep down in the rut of a profound business depression. The wages of labor had been repeatedly reduced and thousands of workingmen could get no work at all, because of the general reduction of force in the mills and factories that managed to keep running, and the complete closing of thousands of establishments that had formerly supported large numbers of employees. Prices had fallen so that there was no profit in manufacturing and the demand

for all kinds of manufactured goods had gone down. In the rural districts the farmers were also suffering from low prices. They could not pay their debts, and farm mortgages were being foreclosed in every direction. At the same time there was general ignorance among the masses of the voters as to the primary truths about money and national finance.

It was comparatively easy then to delude the voters with the humbug that the evils in the business situation which were real and oppressive to them all grew out of a conspiracy on the part of the men who had money to make money scarce and dear, and the first step in that direction had been taken as long before as 1873, when congress refused to authorize the coinage of more silver dollars. An absurd fanaticism, that refused to listen to reason, concerning gold and silver coin, seized on a large section of the voting public and spread like a malignant disease. Men, and level-headed men, too, became the dupes of the shallowest demagogues and were actually made to believe that gold was a curse to the world when used as basic money and that all that was necessary to do to make everybody prosperous and the whole country rich was to abandon the yellow metal and put silver in its place. People who favored gold were denounced as gold-bugs and money-sharks and every ignorant and dirty fellow who could declaim from a dry-goods box on a street corner to an open-mouthed crowd was hailed as a true reformer. The maudlin stuff that was talked in that campaign is too silly to be read now with any patience. The stump orators of the period were as bad as the hand organ musicians, of whom Oliver Wendell Holmes wrote:

You think they are crusaders sent
From some infernal clime,
To crack the voice of melody
And break the legs of rhyme,
Put out the eyes of sentiment
And dock the tail of time.

But what a tearing, rearing, roaring time they made. Cobblers and tailors, sweeps and shovellers, saloon loafers and tramps of every degree imagined themselves to be statesmen and filled the air with their mouthings about the curse of gold, the divinely ordained ratio of sixteen to-one and the crime of '73. The whole craze about silver grew out of hard times conditions. People grievously needed some relief, and, like a sick man, the country turned to the first nostrum offered by the first plausible quack. If Bryan had proposed fiat paper money or copper money as the remedy he would have had nearly as many followers.

But what an incredible folly it is for politicians now to imagine that the phenomena of 1896 can be reproduced under the new conditions of 1900. Labor is now everywhere fully employed. Wages are good and will buy much

more of the things the workingman needs than a like amount of money ever bought before in this or any other country. Mills and factories are running to their greatest capacity to keep up with their orders. Thousands of farm mortgages have been paid off. Enormous crops have been gathered this year. The railroads cannot get cars enough to carry the products of Western farms to Eastern markets and the ships that cross the ocean are overloaded with the staples of American farm and factory industry. There is so much money in the country that the rate of interest is lower than was ever known before since the nation was born. The whole land is swinging along at a rate of progress that is marvelous.

Now, under such conditions, what possible chance is there for the democratic party to succeed next year by bellowing the old hard times cries of 1896? Who will care next year, when he is getting his pay every week in good bright gold coin, whether silver was demonetized in 1873 or not? Who will stop work to argue whether the ratio ought to be 16 to 1, or 22 to 1, or 40 to 1? Who will repeat the arrant nonsense of the last campaign that we ought to use silver as standard money for the very reason that no other civilized country on earth uses it and we are big enough to go it alone? Who will be willing to give up his right to receive for his services and dues good dollars, worth 100 cents each all over the world, and accept instead poor dollars, worth 40 cents each in all the world?

It is now almost certain that the democratic party is going to nominate Bryan next year and place him on the Chicago platform. We shall then see the remarkable spectacle of a party with a platform in which nine-tenths of its members do not believe and a candidate whom they do not trust. The result, we apprehend, will be that the party will try to shift its ground by the common impulse of its masses and make its fight on some living issue of the day, leaving the silver and anarchy platform hanging in the air. But with Bryan, the champion of free coinage, as the party candidate, can it do so?—Sound Money.

ABSENT.

The editor of THE CONSERVATIVE is away from home and, therefore, unable to answer the many letters now accumulating upon his table.

BRIDGES.

The bridges in Otoe county are some of them a menace to property and life. There have been too many bridges falling in this locality and those that are down are down too long. Why do taxes for bridges bring such poor bridges to this community?